

In-Flight Safety

"Torches"

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Dark of the morning
It comes without a warning
It comes without a warning to you

It sweeps through the city
It longs to be pretty but lives on a slope all alone

We're riding on our horses
Our hands full of torches
We're making it sing for you now

We'll sing it in loud now
Over hills
Through the school ground
Come over
Red rover
You're through

Not safe from the roar
Not safe from ourselves
It longs to be wooed
It longs to be held

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La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la

La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la

(It's not safe)
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la
(It's not safe)
La la la la la la la la

(It's not safe)
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la
(You run)
(And you run)
(And you run)
La la la la la la la la

(It's not safe)
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la
(It's not safe)
La la la la la la la la

(It's not safe)
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la
(You run)
(And you run)
(And you run)
La la la la la la la la

La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la

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